

## **The More the Merrier by GallifreyGod**

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**Characters:** Jane "Eleven" Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

Jane sees something on TV that might just make her first family Christmas a special one. Who is Hopper if he isn't one to do anything for Joyce and their kids.

## The More the Merrier

### Author's Note:

Posted to my tumblr - Jopper-Chopper! Hope you enjoyyyy!

"Oh my God! Dad! Wake up!" Jane's horrific scream pulled Hopper out of his sleep faster than the speed of light. He had never heard such a terrified shout from such a small human.

"What's wrong?" Hop asked as he shot out of bed frantically. He had spent all weekend Christmas shopping for Joyce and the kids, all he wanted was a peaceful nap while the house was semi-empty.

"The dogs, Dad! The dogs on the TV!" she looked like she was going to cry as she hovered over his sleepy form. Hopper's mind was still half asleep, not understanding a word she was saying.

"Wh-what dogs? What are you talking about?" he asked as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"There are cold dogs who need saving, its called the S.P.C.A., We can save them for just the price of a cup of coffee! You drink about six of those so if you give up coffee for a day then we can save six dogs, Dad!" Jane looked truly frightened as Hopper realized she had seen one of *those* commercials for the first time.

He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, wondering how on Earth he could explain this. "Sweetheart, those commercials aren't real. They only do that to get donations, none of those dogs are cold or sick. I promise." he said gently as he placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Nuh-Uh!" her lip quivered. "I saw them! They are shaking and cold and we can help them!" Well, at least he knew she would never lack in compassion.

"Jane, we can't get a dog. I don't think Joyce would approve of a puppy running through the house. I'm sorry, kid. It's just not gonna

happen." Hopper could see the tears beginning to well in her eyes.

"Okay." she sighed with an understanding nod as she walked away

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"No! Absolutely not! We are *not* getting a dog." Joyce said adamantly as she ashed her cigarette. It was two days before Christmas and Hop couldn't get the image out of his mind of his daughter being so heartbroken.

"It's our first Christmas as a complete family, Joycie. It's also Jane's first Christmas that isn't in a lab or at the cabin. Plus, I think the boys would be thrilled!" Hopper begged like he was a kid walking past a pet store.

"Hop, we had a dog before. Chester, remember? He was hit by a car and I had never seen Will so devastated in my entire life. Does Jane realize that they need to be walked and fed? How would she react when she realizes that they don't last forever either. It's dangerous territory and I don't know if she can handle it yet." Joyce sighed as she took a sip from her coffee cup.

"You should've seen her, Jo. She looked so heartbroken when she saw that S.P.C.A commercial. Remember seeing those for the first time? All those sad little shivering dogs with tears in their eyes?" as soon as the words left his mouth, he shifted his expression into his famous puppy dog eyes.

"Do *not* guilt me, James Hopper! It doesn't work on me." Joyce couldn't hold back a chuckle as she crossed her arms. He looked like she had just taken a lollipop away from him.

"What if its one of those little tea-cup puppies? They stay small and don't take up the space that a big dog would." he tried to bargain as best he could, but Joyce just shook her head.

"Remember the puppy you got when you were a kid? You were so happy that you spent an entire month of fourth grade talking about

him!" Hop laughed at the memory of 8-year-old Joyce Horowitz coming into school with a plaid skirt and Mary Janes, babbling about the floppy white dog her dad got for her.

"Do not bring Wilson into this!" Joyce replied, eyes blazing angrily.

"Alright, fine." he carried out his words, clearly defeated.

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The five Byers-Hoppers were sitting gleefully around the tree early on Christmas morning, donned in matching pajamas as the fireplace crackled. Wrapping paper was scattered all over the floor as each of them ripped apart their presents.

"Alright, I have one more gift for you. I'll be right back." Hopper laughed as he ran out of the room as quickly as possible. Joyce pressed her tongue to her cheek, wondering if he had gone against her wishes.

Returning with a big red-wrapped box topped with a golden bow, he set the box down in front of Jane. Without having to look, Hopper could feel the blazing stare burning his back. The shit eating grin that took over his face was enough for Joyce to know exactly what he had done.

Jane carefully lifted the top of the box up, revealing the fluffiest little Australian Shepherd she had ever seen. All three of the kid's eyes were wide as they gasped happily.

"You saved one of the puppies!" Jane cried as she lifted the pup out of the box. She had the bluest eyes and was covered in black, brown, and white fur. Black speckles covered the fur of her nose and a small pink collar hugged her neck.

When she saw the glee on her children's faces, all of the anger flushed out of Joyce's body.

"She was going to be put down, Joyce. She's a dwarf puppy, she'll be

small forever." Hopper whispered with a sympathetic smile while the kids played with the dog.

"Well, I guess she *is* pretty cute. Fine, she can stay." Joyce laughed as she leaned her head on her boyfriend's shoulder.

"What's her name?" Hopper asked the group as he wrapped Joyce up in a hug.

"We get to name her?" Jane asked with a big smile while the dog ran around in between them.

"Of course! She's yours." Joyce replied as she watched Jonathan pet the puppy's back, grinning ear to ear.

"Mocha! Because she's brown and because Dad gave up a cup of coffee to save her." Jane announced happily before running and hugging her father.

"Thank you for saving her, Daddy." she whispered into the crook of his neck as she held tightly onto him.

"Anything for you, sweet pea." Hop replied as he hugged her, patting her back. "Merry Christmas."

#### **Author's Note:**

I saw one of those damn S.P.C.A. commercials today and I immediately thought of Jane!

Merry Christmas!!

(duffer brothers own rights to characters)